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NIAGARA FALLS.

Who ever becomes tired of seeing, hearing or reading about the falls of Niagara? It is too grand for our feeble nerves to comprehend at once. At the first sight it appals; it seems to deaden the senses to its sublimity as the bright glare of sunlight after the dimness of a curtained room; but after a while the waters begin to sing a sweeter song, whose music grows the more enchanting the longer it is heard, and the eye, becoming accustomed to the scene, is educated into a comprehension of its grandeur.

The portion of the falls on the American side of Goat Island as shown in our illustration is 164 feet high and about 1100 feet wide, while the Horseshoe fall on the Canadian side is 150 feet high and about 2200 feet wide.

Among the great cataracts of the world Niagara stands pre-eminent for the enormous volume of water that is carried over so high a precipice. Although there are many that descend from greater heights, yet "the sublimity of Niagara is in the vast power displayed by a mighty current descending down the long rapids, and finally plunging in one unbroken sheet into the deep abyss below."

NOT ONE CENT MORE.

A merchant in a thriving country village was asked one day to subscribe for the support of the gospel. "Not one cent more," was the short and querulous reply.

"Shall I understand, then," said the solicitor, "that you are not paying for ministers?"

"Exactly that, you are to understand. The money I have paid for what you call the gospel is so much that I have thrown away, and I am now done."

"Are you so determined in this matter?"

"Yes, so determined—that's the word."

"But you pay for insuring your goods?"

"Certainly."

"What do you insure against?"

"Against fire—nothing else."

"Upon what do you depend to protect you against thieves and robbers?"

"Upon the laws."

"Do you think the laws would protect you unless they are enforced?"

"No fool would expect that."

"Suppose that all the people within six miles of your store were thieves and robbers, do you think that in such case the laws would do you much good?"

"I know they would not. But then, what is the use of such talk? The people around here are not thieves and robbers, but a wholesome, law-abiding people. I know that if such a thing should happen that a thief or a robber should meddle with my property, there is virtue enough in this community to enforce the laws and protect me."

"I believe just as you do in that respect. But what produces the virtue among our people?"

"I don't concern myself about that."

"Can you deny that it is the Sabbath, the Bible, our Sunday-schools, our preaching, our prayer-meetings, and whatever is done among us to expose sin and inculcate holiness?"

"Well, what if all that is true?"

"If all that is true, then these moral appliances of the community are making the people safe for you to live among. And I ask you, as an honest man, whether you would live here a day if all the churches, Bibles, ministers, &c., were taken out of the community, and you had nobody left but vile elements of society?"

"Well—well—I don't think I should, if I must tell the truth."

"What, then, does it amount to but this, that the money which other people pay for the support of religion is really so much money against thieves and robbers?"

"I never saw it so before."

"And now, I ask, are you the man to wish these people, who support religious meetings, to pay your tax for insurance?"

"Not I. Take this ten dollar bill; and let me know when any further sum is needed as my part of the insurance which the gospe brings our village."—*Selected.*

NIAGARA FALLS—AMERICAN SIDE.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

When the collection is taken up in church, the boys and girls put in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their own gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of advice to the little three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, the precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often, if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story from her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a penny in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—*Young Days.*

Temperance Department.

HERBERT ALSTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS, IN "DAY OF REST."

(Concluded).

Having sent the letter off, Morris returned to Herbert's bedroom. The glass which he left on the table was quite empty. With a sigh the man turned to draw the window-blind, as the warm, red rays of the setting sun were falling across Herbert's face. The room seemed close, and Morris opened the window to allow the fragrant evening air to sweep in. A barrel-organ was playing somewhere, and the notes sounded strangely soft and sweet coming from a distance. Herbert opened his eyes as he caught the changed tune. It was that simple melody—dear to every English heart—"Home, sweet home!"

Morris's boots creaked as he crossed the apartment. "Hush!" said Herbert, in a whisper, "'tis Amy singing." And he raised his head a little to listen.

When the strain had died away, he still lay looking up at the bed-hangings. His eyes, large and sunken as they were, glowed like coals of fire.

The sun went down, and twilight wrapped the earth in her gray mantle. Herbert's room was quite dark. Morris proceeded to adjust and light the night-lamp.

"Morris," said Herbert, in a mysterious manner, after a long silence; "do you know, this house is haunted?"

Morris's face flushed a little as he replied, "No, sir, I don't think it is."

"I know it is, and I'll get out of it to-morrow. I was out of bed all last night, keeping them off. My shoulder is in a pretty state with knocking about, and my hand won't be well for a week." He held his hand out toward Morris. There was a bruise on the back of it, and the knuckles were slightly grazed and swollen.

"I tell you what it is," he continued, in the same hissing whisper, "I'll not be left alone to-night. It wants somebody as strong as Hercules to combat with them, and I'm regularly done up. You'll stay here with me to-night, Morris."

"Very well, sir," said Morris, feeling a little alarmed. "Won't you try to get to sleep now a bit?"

Herbert did not reply. Morris took a seat in an easy chair which he had brought in for the purpose of getting as much rest as possible through the night. He got a book, and tried to read, but the time passed very wearily. The clock of a neighboring church struck, at what seemed to him terribly long intervals, the evening hours.

It was drawing toward midnight. Herbert had fallen asleep and was breathing very heavily. Morris's eyes grew stiff, and in spite of his efforts to keep awake he gradually sank to sleep too.

What had transpired in that room during his two hours' slumber mortal tongue may never tell. One day had died, and a new one had been born. Ere he went, the dying day held his dusky finger to one and another of earth's children, and they followed him silently, unresistingly into eternity. He gathered up one young and blighted life, and bore it away in his sable embrace. Many, many more such he might have taken, but we know he took that one.

Morris rose and yawned as he woke from his sleep. The room seemed miserably dim and cold, and the man shivered. He looked toward his young master, but the face was turned away. Morris felt thankful that he still slept. He crept quietly from the apartment to get a warmer coat from his own room. Wrapping himself in it, he returned to Herbert's bedside, and resumed his seat and his book.

Such awful silence reigned that he could distinctly hear the ticking of Herbert's watch, which hung at the bed-head. Not until many minutes had elapsed did it strike him as being strange that he could not hear the sleeper's breathing. A strange thrill of fear passed through him, and kept him to his seat, as a thought flashed across his mind.

"Nonsense!" he muttered, after a minute or two, and, rising, he leaned over Herbert. The eyes were wide open—fixed on the wall with an unnatural, unearthly stare. The two white hands were clenched together; they were stiff and cold.

Morris's face blanched; he felt like one in a nightmare; his limbs seemed bound and powerless. With difficulty he got out of the room, and the next minute he was at the door of the chamber occupied by the mistress of the house. She was startled from her slumbers by a man's agonizing cry: "For the love of heaven come here, ma'am! my master's dead!"

The following morning Morris's letter reached Jane Hartley. It cast a gloom over her naturally cheerful spirit, for she feared to tell Lady Alston of the serious state of her beloved son's health.

The lady sat at her dressing-table, looking out over the esplanade, and away at the quiet sea, whose tiny waves were sparkling in the morning sun. Jane had just finished arranging her heavy braids of hair under a jaunty little white lace cap. As the lady glanced for the hundredth time at the mirror before her, she noticed the sad expression of her maid's face.

"Hartley, you look unwell this morning," said she, in the kindly manner which she always manifested to the young girl.

"I am quite well, thank you, my lady," she replied, with some hesitation; "but I've received a letter from Morris, and he says——"

"Ah, I see," said Lady Alston, with a smile, "you want to be running away from me."

"No, not that, my lady. He speaks of Mr. Alston."

"Well?" demanded the lady in an anxious tone. And she fixed her eyes searchingly on the girl's face.

"He is very ill, my lady, and Morris thought perhaps your ladyship might like to write, or even——"

"Enough," was the reply; "he is ill, and I will be with him. Get me a travelling dress; I start by the next train. You need not accompany me, but directly Sir Richard arrives in Scarborough, you follow me. He expects to be here by noon to-day." These few sentences were uttered in a hurried, nervous manner, while the lady was throwing on her dress.

"Leave me, and make enquiries about the departure of the train," she continued. "You can start this afternoon; and bring with you such things as you think I may require. I shall take nothing."

In the afternoon of that day, Morris was dismayed to see a cab drive up to the door of the house where Herbert had been staying for some days past, and to see Lady Alston step from it in a trembling state of excitement. She might have known the whole truth ere then had Morris addressed the telegram to Scarborough; but, knowing that Sir Richard was detained in London, he sent the awful message to him instead. He expected the bereaved father's arrival every moment. Morris met the lady on the stairs. "How is Mr. Alston?" was the anxious question with which she greeted him.

As she did not wait for a reply, but continued ascending, Morris made no answer. "Show me his room," she said, on reaching landing. As the man did not at once comply she reiterated, sharply, "Show me his room!" adding, "This house is enough to make any one ill—so gloomy and shrouded."

"Your ladyship must please not to insist on seeing Mr. Alston just now," began Morris.

"This moment!" said the lady, stamping her foot; and she passed quickly by Morris, and entered the chamber of death.

With her gloved hands she drew aside the bed-curtains, expecting to meet the glance of her son, but there was only the ghastly white gleaming of a sheet which concealed from her view the best-loved object on earth. She tore away the covering, and beheld for the last time the beautiful features, now stone-like, rigid in death.

With eyes almost starting from their sockets, she turned and clutched Morris's arm, at the same time screaming in his ear some unintelligible words. The next minute she was forcibly removed from the room—a maniac!

A month subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were entertaining in their peaceful home the grief-stricken brother of the latter. His two-fold sudden trial had broken his spirit, and literally bowed him; he walked with a stooping gait. It seemed as if the weight of many years had fallen upon him in that one short month.

One evening he said to his sister, "I shall at once resign my seat in the House, Agnes."

"Do you not think, dear brother, that you might, by remaining as long as possible, materially aid in agitating for the legislative suppression of——"

"Ah! that cursed traffic, you mean. For his sake I should like to do so, Agnes, but I cannot: I am not equal to any such work now. I am broken down. I must leave it to those who are stronger in mind and body, and better able to wage honest war against such an evil. I will pray for their success: I can do no more.'

After more conversation, he said, "When your Walter comes home for the holidays in winter, I would like him to visit that—that grave with me. I have something to say to him."

Accordingly one cold December day, Walter Wylie found himself with Sir Richard Alston in the little town where Herbert died. The youth gave his arm to the old gentleman as they descended from the cab outside the bleak churchyard. A thin covering of snow was spread over the stunted grass of the several mounds, and the cold wind mournfully swayed the dusky cypresses. The two walked slowly past the silent graves until they reached one over which a willow drooped; its long branches trailing on the grass with every gust of wind. It was a sad and lonely spot. No unseen angel hovered near to whisper to the weeping mourners the joy inspiring words: "He is not here, but is risen." No motherly hand had helped to clear away the weeds, and strew the last resting-place of the beloved one with flowers. The white stone looked grim and ghastly on which was graven the few simple words—

In Memoriam
HERBERT RICHARD ALSTON
Born May 18th, 183—
Died Sept. 30th, 185—

And a moment's reckoning told you that the sleeper beneath went down to a dishonored grave at the early age of twenty-six.

"Walter," began the old gentleman, in trembling tones, "you knew him?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"You know how he went down to death—what it was that made me childless and lonely!"

"I do," said Walter, closing his lips tightly the moment he had uttered the words.

"I want you to promise me here, as in the sight of the great God, that you will devote youth, health, talents, everything you possess, to the one work of blasting that which blasts hearts, and lives, and homes unceasingly."

The words were slowly and solemnly uttered, and the old man's bosom heaved with a choking sob as he ceased.

As slowly and solemnly the words fell from the lips of the youth: "God is my witness—I will!"

Without trusting himself to say more, Walter gently drew the old gentleman's arm within his own, and led him away.

The grass now waves above the last resting-place of Sir Richard Alston, whose gray hairs were prematurely brought down in sorrow to the tomb.

His wife is the inmate of a private asylum. Her weary days are spent in recounting again and again some thrilling, disconnected tale of imaginary sorrow; or in making passionate appeals to her keeper concerning the fate of a beloved son.

Mrs. Wylie—now a widow—and Amy have to rejoice in the success which attends Walter, in his noble endeavors to fulfil the promise so solemnly made over the grave of the Early Wrecked. We require no prophetic power to enable us to say that before this year is done hundreds will go down to death as Herbert Alston went. Week by week graves are filling with just such poor, yet beautiful wrecks of humanity. Who will lend a helping hand to save them? Men and women, with warm, loving hearts throbbing in your bosoms, the appeal is to you!

THE TOBACCO PROBLEM.

BY META LANDER.

The testimony as to the injurious influence of tobacco on body and mind is clear and overwhelming.

In 1862, the Emperor Napoleon, learning that paralysis and insanity had increased with the increase of the tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and, finding that the average standing in both scholarship and character was lower among those who used the weed than among the abstainers, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

Since the fall of the Empire, the minister of public instruction, finding from the professors in the scientific and other schools that in every grade the students who did not smoke outranked those who did, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued, has issued a circular to the teachers in both colleges and schools forbidding tobacco as injurious to physical and intellectual development.

French physicians and prominent men of science are in agreement upon the same view, and also in the conviction that it sows the seeds of many diseases. It is asserted by a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine that "statistics show that in exact proportion with the increased consumption of tobacco is the increase of diseases in the nervous centres—insanity, general paralysis, paraplegia, and certain cancerous affections."

Prof. Lizars, of Edinburgh, enumerates a fearful catalogue of diseases which he proves to be the result of tobacco, adding:

"It is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth and enfeebled in their minds before they arrive at manhood."

What an advance in intellectual and moral power should we behold if our young men could be induced to follow the example of Sir Isaac Newton, who refused to smoke because he "would make no necessities for himself"; a sentiment worthy to be engraved over the doors of every college and school-house in the land.

Dr. Willard Parker, an undoubted authority, says:

"It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice; and such persons cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true, also, of those who smoke or chew much."

In the Bellevue Hospital there were recently fifty patients suffering from one of the most fearful and incurable of maladies, contracted from cigars manufactured in tenement houses, by diseased persons, the finishing touch being given by the teeth and tongue. Among the physicians who have traced several similar cases to this source may be named Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, of New York.

That most terrible of diseases, delirium tremens, which was formerly regarded as due only to alcohol, is now, by Dr. Abraham Spoor and other learned doctors, ascribed largely "to the exasperating agency of tobacco upon human nerves and organism."

A French physician, who had studied the effects of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between nine and fifteen, gives as the result that twenty-seven presented marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning; twenty-three serious derangement of the intellectual faculties and a strong appetite for alcoholic drinks; three, heart disease; eight, decided deterioration of the blood; twelve, frequent nose-bleed; ten, disturbed sleep; and four, ulceration of the mouth in its mucous membrane. These facts are given on the authority of the *British Medical Journal*.

In Germany, the mischief done to growing boys has been found to be so great that the German Government has ordered the police to forbid lads under sixteen from smoking in the street.

A WINFIELD, Kansas, brewer writes: "I have invested over $10,000 in my brewery, and I do not believe I could get $500 for it now, on account of the prohibition law. I have $10,000 worth of beer in my vaults, and am not allowed to sell a drop. My barley and malt cost me ninety-five cents a bushel, but I cannot get fifty cents for it now. You have no idea how our people are upset by the new law." And yet we are continually being told that in Kansas, as in Maine, the law is a failure, and that "prohibition does not prohibit."

DR. ANDREW CLARK remarks in the *Lancet*, that, "having observed one of the greatest hospitals in London, he had come to the deliberate conclusion that seven cases out of ten were owing to drink. Not so much to drunkenness, but to the constant undermining process."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SENSIBLE MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

"Do you know what I am more thankful for than anything else in the world?" asked Stephen La Crosse of his future bride.

"I never could imagine, I'm sure; tell me," she replied, as she looked up from her bit of needlework she was finishing.

She was not beautiful, this girl he had won—not even pretty, if form of feature or tint of skin were consulted; yet she was considered charming by all who knew her, and young La Crosse was looked upon as a fortunate fellow. She was an only child, brought up in fashionable society, but blessed with a sensible mother, who had neglected no branch of domestic education in the training of her daughter, and, best of all, had taught her that no woman could be beautiful in manner without being beautiful in soul. By the counsel of this rare woman, she had learned to detect genuine people wherever she met them, and none more real than this Stephen La Crosse had she ever met. It was true, he was not rich, did not find much time for society, and preferred to devote himself to a few chosen friends; but whenever she met him at Bible-class or elsewhere he had something to say unlike other young men—something that showed he was a student of the living world, if not of books. This was what interested her, and he, learning to enjoy the sparkle of her eye, did what he would have never dreamed of doing in the light of reason—loved her, proposed to her, and was accepted. As she raised her eyes from her work, he looked more earnest than usual, as he replied:

"I was just thinking how thankful I am that we both of us have such sensible mothers. If yours had been like other ladies we know, you would no doubt have been just such a senseless, giddy girl as are most of those in society—and I—what might I not have been? I am poor, as the world judges, but I have what few young men you meet in society possess—a true, pure life to offer you, and that I have this is due to my mother. Years ago, when young men of my acquaintance dashed into life at full speed, she always held me back, and told me to do as I should wish in after years I had done.

"The consequence of this was that they rushed on and left me with my mother and my books. To-day they are sowing their wild oats, or still worse, already reaping the harvest of those they have sowed; life has lost all its sweetness and freshness, sad to many of them bitter regrets have already come.

"What would have become of me without my mother I cannot imagine. In the first place my love for books that has brought me the happiest hours of my life until I knew you, would have been shut out of my life; my life would have been squandered, my companionships lowered, my possibilities dwarfed. When my father died my mother said to me:

"'Stephen, you and I must meet life together—so we'll be true to each other in everything. If you want anything, always tell me; where it is possible, you shall have it!'

"This made a man of me at once, and I came home every night to care for mother with the same pride I now feel at the thought of caring for you. One night I said to her: 'Mother, the boys want me to play games with them one evening in the week. They laugh at me because I stay home so closely, and call me all sorts of names.'

"She looked up at me a moment, and then said:

"'That's so, my boy. I was letting you be an old man. I forgot you were young like other boys. Bring your friends right here evenings, and play all the games you want. You can tell them it will be more pleasant here, and you will be happier to know I am not alone.'

"So I brought the boys home, and learned to play games that I knew mother would perhaps have wished I had not; but after a few weeks I grew tired, and longed for the quiet evenings with mother and histories, as I used to have. The boys gradually left off coming and we fell into our old ways. Those boys have gone down, many of them, step by step, until I should blush to be an associate of theirs now. My mother has grown dearer and dearer to me every year, and never more precious than now, when I am so happy in the prospect of a future home of my own."

"Will it not make her unhappy to have you marry?" asked the listener.

He waited a moment before replying, and then said:

"I should be unworthy of her love and yours, could I fail to say that if I thought so I could not think of it; but when I told her she said as earnestly as I ever heard her say anything:

"'I am glad you have made the choice you have, for to none other could I so cheerfully give you up.'"

This is no imaginary conversation; it is literal and true, and could all the mothers know what benedictions they are bringing upon themselves by being, as Stephen said, "sensible," I think there would be more happy homes, less crime and idleness, and our young men and maidens would lose the name they have acquired for frivolity and uselessness. Instead of telling your children to choose their friends and acquaintances because of social standing or wealth, teach them to look first for worth and intellect. Instead of telling them they must not play certain games, and thereby making them sour, or driving them to be deceitful by going elsewhere to do it, say, "If you really desire to play, come right home and do it." Instead of making them feel that they must love no one but you, teach them to love whatever is lovable, and pure, and good, and you need never fear they will wander far from your heart, or cause you to grieve over "wild oats," whose reaping will bring sorrow to themselves as well as you.

Never was there a time when "sensible mothers" were needed as now. Never was there a time when the young were in such danger as now, and never was there a time when a reform in our home life was so called for.—*Church and Home.*

BEAN BREAD.

The use of potatoes in bread is well known, but not so the fact that beans, parsnips, carrots, turnips, beets and sweet potatoes may be employed either for purposes of variety or economy; any of these vegetables may be used after being boiled and reduced to a *puree* according to the directions given in this receipt, care being taken to extract their moisture by rolling the *puree* lengthwise in a long towel and then squeezing it dry by having the ends of the towel twisted tight by two persons. Apples, pears and other fruits may also be used, the fact being remembered that the juice of fruit must not be removed, but must be allowed to replace water or milk in making the bread.

To make bean bread, boil white beans until tender, then rub them through a sieve with a potato masher, to remove the skins; next squeeze the *puree* or pulp dry in a towel, and then as follows: To one pound of the bean pulp use two pounds of flour and a gill of liquid yeast, or half an ounce of compressed yeast dissolved in a cup of lukewarm milk or water; put all these ingredients into an earthen bowl with a tablespoonful of salt and enough lukewarm milk or water to make a soft dough; set the dough in a temperature of 98° Fahr., until it is light or spongy, and then knead it for twenty minutes, adding enough flour to prevent the dough sticking to the pastry board or hands. Then make the dough out in two loaves, or in small rolls, put it into a baking-pan, set it in a warm place to prove or rise again for about twenty minutes, and bake it in a moderate oven.

To make bread from apples or other fruits, pare them, remove their cores or stones, stew them tender, adding a little sugar if they are very sour, and pulp them through a sieve. Use this pulp in the same way as the vegetable *purees* is used, *i.e.*, one pound of fruit pulp to two pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one gill of liquid yeast, and water enough to make a soft dough.—*Miss Carson.*

I HAVE A WORD of advice to offer on the subject of dinners at home, or after a homely fashion. Observe what dishes are being used, and those on which there appears to be a kind of "run," and never ask for that of which there is little, to the deprivation of any one yet unhelped. When there is a tart or pie uncut, there being sufficient of some other dish, show some little consideration for your hostess. The expenses and difficulties of housekeeping in families of small means are great. Keep your eyes about you. Remember the invalids, or those advanced in years. Some small delicacy at the table may perhaps have been prepared for them. Try also to supplement the efforts of your hostess. However hospitable, and ready to give you anything you would like, she would appreciate a thoughtfulness on your part, that would leave something nice for one who is always last helped, or would spare an unbroken dish for the following day, without making the reason too apparent. Would you wish her to replace a sort of wreckage of all in her small larder, in return for her kindness to you?—*S. F. A. Caulfeild, in Girl's Own Magazine.*

LET ME SAY A WORD against using a sleeping-room as a sitting-room; it is a very usual thing to do so in all parts of America, but it is not healthful. The bed-room should be thoroughly aired and the sun have free access to it all day, and then only is it in a fit condition to be the living-room of two or three people during the twelve hours of night; I say three, for the little bereauuette is a familiar sight and even, in many homes, a larger crib holds the little one who has been so soon supplanted by baby number two. Another thing to be guarded against is placing a bed which is occupied by more than one person against the wall. The one who sleeps next the wall, if at all delicate, inevitably suffers from lack of fresh air.

HARD SOAP.—Don't discourage young housekeepers from the attempt to make hard soap. We decidedly prefer our homemade hard soap to the soft, both for its quality and the ease of making. We use the potash balls kept by most grocers, and prefer them to the tin cans of potash. By following the directions that come with each ball we have not the least difficulty. With one ball we use five pounds of clean grease and just before taking the soap from the fire we add a half pound of borax, which gives us better soap than that of the ordinary grocery, while it is far cheaper. We make it in an old wash-boiler, and pour it into a tub to harden, from which it can be cut in solid cakes twenty-four hours afterward.

LINEN LACE can be beautifully cleaned by covering the outside of a large glass bottle smoothly with stout linen or white flannel, upon which the lace is sewn in a number of coils or turns, and over the whole some coarse open tissue is secured. The bottle thus clothed is allowed to soak for a time in lukewarm soft water, and the outside wrapping is then rubbed with soap and a piece of flannel. When this has been done the bottle is to be laid a-steep for several hours in clean soft water. It is then to be rolled between dry towels, dipped in rice-water, and rolled again. Finally the damp lace should be unfastened from the bottle and ironed at once between linen cloths.

ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL features of art needlework is that such ordinary material is often used with such remarkably good effect. How much more appropriate it seems to work a toilet cover of scrash or serviceable linen, than of perishable lace lined with satin, that fades and shows every spot. I would urge every young housekeeper to remember, in making her choice as to material for bureau, table or washstand-covers, that huckaback, crash or linen, can by artistic skill be made really ornamental, and are always easily cleaned, while satin and quilled ribbon trimmings, though pretty while fresh, catch the dust and soon look tawdry.—*Hope Ledyard.*

RICE PUDDING.—To one quart of milk add one small half-cup of rice, three-fourths of a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake slowly in a moderate oven two hours. Much depends upon the baking. If the oven be too hot, or the pudding take too fast at first, the rice will become dried, and the pudding stiff. If the oven is just right, the milk will become rich and creamy. Often, in making rice puddings, too much rice is used for the quantity of milk.

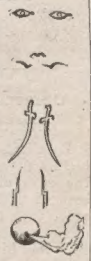
SCORCHES from ironing can be removed by applying the following mixture: The juice of a bruised boiled onion, mixed with a small quantity of vinegar, white soap and fuller's earth. The part will require to be well washed after the scorch is removed.

DRIED RUSKS.—To one pint of boiled milk add one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-half teacup of sugar, a little salt, three eggs, three-quarters of a pound of flour—a full quart of sponge. To be eaten with milk.

TO REMOVE TEA AND COFFEE STAINS.—Pure cold water sponged over the part stained will be found the best method of removing it without injury to the most delicate color and material.

PUZZLES.

THE PASHA PUZZLE.



Here are two British gunboats sailing up the Bosphorus to rescue British subjects from brigands.

Here are three sea-gulls sailing over the British gunboats.

Here are two Turkish cimeters to help the British gunboats against the Brigands.

Here are two Turkish bayonets to support the cimeters.

Here is a British shell ready to burst.

Here is a grim fortress on the banks of the Bosphorus.

Now how are you going to make Hobart Pasha out of all this?

—*Harper's Young People.*

WORD DISSECTING.

1. To make known, containing a girl's name and a weight.
2. Information, containing to perceive and a projection.
3. To enlarge, containing a preposition and a mark left by folding.
4. To attack, containing an animal and to be ill.
5. Artifice, containing layers of earth and a jewel or precious stone.
6. Sarcasm, containing a verb and anger.
7. Vivacious, containing an indication of danger and an insect.
8. A quarter of a year, containing a large body of water and a male descendant.
9. Unskilful, containing science and the comparative of little.
10. To control, containing a human being and a period.
11. Wearisome, containing to exhaust and more or less.
12. To sustain, containing to drink and a harbor.

SELECTED RIDDLES.

1. What is that without which a waggon cannot be made, and cannot go, and yet is of no use to it?
2. What does a vessel weigh when ready to go to sea?
3. Why are different trees like different dogs?
4. I am composed of letters five;
   The part of speech is adjective.
   From either way I spell the same;
   Pray tell me, then, what is my name.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead the claw of a bird of prey and have a small weight.

Behead belief and have a musical pipe.

To flow rapidly and have a pronoun.

A dread disease and have a useful quadruped.

A measure of four inches and have a conjunction.

Corn and have to fall in drops.

A small anchor used in rivers and have the rim.

A shell and have eating away by the elements.

To summon and have the whole.

A thicket of brambles and have a farmer's tool.

Odor and have a copper coin.

An insect and have a meadow.

All and have a cavity.

No and and have single.

A ditch and have a kind of grain.

ENIGMA.

Down in the forest's darkest nook
  My first you'll likely find,
Or when beside the babbling brook
  Your joyous steps you wind.
My second by the roadside dwells
  To cheer you on your way,
Or at the cottage door may watch
  The children at their play.
My whole the finest garden rules
  With matchless, regal sway.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 1.

Twelve Buried Poets.—Burns.—Byron.—Longfellow.—Goldsmith.—Gay.—Pope.—Wordsworth.—Scott.—Hogg.—Young.—Gray.—Hood.

Beheading of Short Words.—1, twig. 2, whole. 3, Will. 4, spry. 5, knot. 6, cart. 7, nice. 8, danger. 9, grace. 10, town. 11, train.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

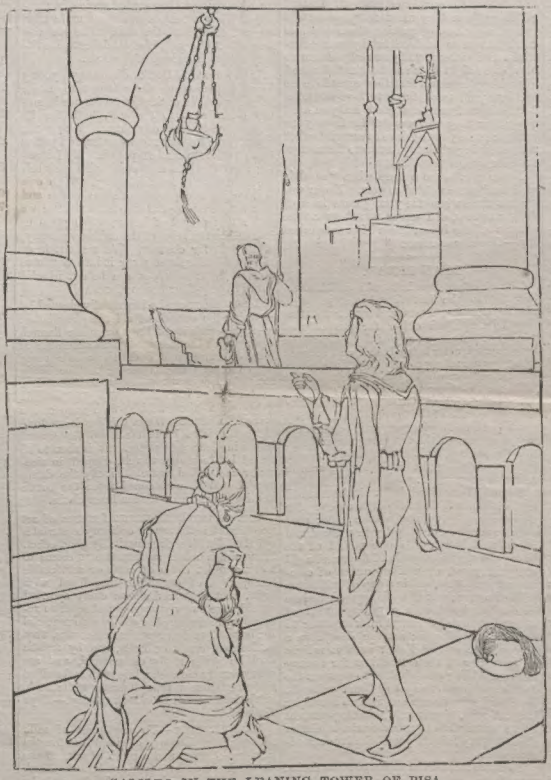
(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

LIFE IN A GIPSY CAMP.

Bela had shown Phil a purse he had ingeniously made out of the skin of a mole. Phil was amazed at its softness and firmness, just like velvet. He was anxious to see the animal alive. Bela told him he could soon find one. "And we will have a look at his house also," he said. "Moles think they are very safe since they go down in the earth to live; but they can't get away from me, with all their cunning!" He soon found what he wanted in a field, where he pointed out to Phil several little mounds thrown up by moles. He opened one of them suddenly and showed him the inside, consisting of a good-sized apartment in which a mole was reposing, and another by the side of it in which were several young ones. All around were galleries or corridors formed with great care and regularity, through which the mole could make her escape if alarmed, and through which she traversed when she went in search of worms. Bela was too quick for her to escape him. He secured the little frightened velvety creature, which struggled and did its best to escape. Bela told Phil to cover up the mound again, that he might see the wonderful rapidity with which it would disappear into the earth the instant he released it. Then placing it on the ground, the animal put its nose and front paws into the earth and vanished like magic.

Bela said that amongst the curiosities he had taken to Mr. Oldham the summer before were the skins of two snakes which he had himself seen them shed; for snakes are in the habit of changing their skins at certain time. He said he saw a snake wriggling about in a peculiar manner amongst some stems of thick plants till it made a rent in its neck. It continued its wriggling with considerable vehemence, till it had literally crawled out of its upper skin, which was quite loose from the new under one that had been gradually forming for some time. When free, the snake glided away in its new garment, and Bela secured the old one, which was perfect, even the covering of the eyes being left behind. Soon afterward he saw another snake go through exactly the same operation. Having heard that toads also shed their coats, he wanted very much to find one for the museum, as they are so beautifully spotted. But though he searched constantly, he could never find one. When he mentioned this to Mr. Oldham, he told him that he would always look in vain, because the toad never gives any one the chance of seeing his skin after it is shed, but has a most extraordinary way of his own for disposing of it. The moment he has thrown it off, he seizes it in his two fore-paws and rolls it together, twists it, kneads it, pats it, and makes it into a round ball; then taking it between his paws, he puts it into his mouth, and swallows it at a gulp like a pill.



GALILEO IN THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

Bela was able to give Phil a good deal of amusing information also about rooks. He had first begun to notice their habits because, being good to eat, he and his father sometimes laid cruel snares for them by putting little rolls of paper about places they frequented. At the bottom of the roll they put some seeds of corn, and the inside of the paper they smeared with birdlime. The rooks, being extremely inquisitive by nature, are sure to come to examine what these rolls are. They look into them first with one eye, then the other, and seeing the corn below they pop down their heads to seize it. Of course the birdlime causes the roll of paper to stick to their poor heads. They try to get it off in vain; fly up a little way, but come heavily down again. In the meantime those who are watching come from their hiding-place, pounce on them, put an end to their distress, and carry them off. In this way Bela said they had secured many a good rook-pie; but since he had watched them closely, and seen how clever and knowing they were, he disliked killing them so much that he never did it if he could possibly help, though sometimes his father wished him to go "rooking" with him if food ran short. He showed Phil how carefully they choose their trees for building in, always selecting those that it is next to impossible to climb. He had noticed that if a tree were marked by the woodman with a white mark, as one to be cut down, they would not build in that tree, and if it were marked thus after their nest were made, they would at once remove to one that was not doomed. Another curious habit the boy had observed in these birds, one well known to naturalists; they seem to have a law amongst themselves that they shall all live close together on adjoining trees. Sometimes it happens that a young pair will build on one at a distance, as if they prefer leading a more select and solitary life by themselves. This is never allowed. The older rooks surround them in a body, and with loud cawing give angry demonstration that a law of their society has been broken; then falling upon the unfortunate nest, they pull it to pieces, and scatter the fragments to the winds.

The thrushes built in great number in this part of the country, and the woods resounded with their songs in in every direction. Bela told Phil that it was amusing to watch them in building, and to see how they made use of the strangest articles often, in putting together their nests. He said that the year before, he had climbed a tall tree to examine a crow's nest, and had fallen from a considerable height on to the ground below, and sprained his ankle. His cap caught on a branch as he fell, and there it remained, for his ankle disabled him from climbing for some time; and as the cap was a very old one, he took no further trouble about it. They soon after left the spot where they had encamped in the spring, but returned there again in the autumn.

One day his little brother brought home a deserted thrush's nest he had discovered concealed among some bushes. Bela was struck with its unusual weight and size, and on closer examination found that the groundwork of the fabric was his old cap, round which twigs and sticks, hay, straw, wool and hair were carefully twisted, till scarcely any of the cloth cap was visable, except just at the lower part inside the nest, where the little birds would lie, and where the parents doubtless considered it would be soft and warm for them. The nest was found just under the tree from which Bela tumbled, and no doubt it fell amongst the bushes in such a position that the birds could build upon it. They were probably well pleased to find what so exactly suited their purpose. Bela took care of the nest, and gave it in its somewhat mutilated state to Mr. Oldham, who thought it quite worth adding to his collection of curiosities.

The two boys spent many pleasant hours in thus rambling about the country. Bela helped his father and Jacob with their willow-gathering and soaking every morning, but might do as

he liked afterward. Susie had a little playfellow also in a bright, black-eyed gipsy child named Dinah. Miriam taught her to weave baskets, and the old grandmother gave her knitting lessons. So time passed quickly with our young travellers, who took so kindly to a gipsy life that it would not have been very distasteful to them, perhaps, to have continued much longer with the goodnatured people they had fallen amongst, who were in no way the dishonest, lawless set this class of persons so often are, insomuch that they sometimes become quite nuisances to the neighborhood in which they encamped. Syred and his family were industrious, and earned money not only by basket-making, but also by mending old ones, repairing rush chairs, and re-soldering pots and pans in the villages through which they passed. They travelled their rounds so regularly that people looked for them about the usual time of their appearance, and welcomed them when they came.

When the brother and sister had been about a week or rather more with them, the gipsies began to prepare for moving. Zillah had grown very fond of both children; indeed, so had all the others, and every one was sorry to lose them. Phil and Susie felt it would be lonely to go forth all by themselves again. It was almost like leaving a newly-found home, so much hospitality and kindness had been shown them.

The day before the move, Zillah and Syred proposed that they should remain with them till they went to Bristol in the autumn, before winter set in.

"You have no friends," said kind, motherly Zillah; "and you don't even know that you will find your relation in London if ever you get there. She may be dead, or gone away to some place where you will never find her. If you like to stay with us, we will teach you to make baskets and rush-mats. A month or two, more or less, won't make much difference to us, and after a time you'll be of use and earn your own keep. If you find you don't like our kind of life when you've tried it, you can leave us, and set out again to look for your cousin. Anyhow, you'll be nearer London when we go to Bristol for the winter than you are now."

(To be continued.)

SPARROWS AND SQUIRRELS IN MONTREAL.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

Very early one morning, as I was strolling along one of the quiet streets of Montreal, and feasting myself with the wonderful beauties of that most beautiful city, my attention was attracted by a great commotion going on among a flock of sparrows, which flew together from one place to another, sometimes alighting in the roadway of the street, and sometimes among the branches of the trees. At first I could see no cause for all this unusual fuss, but presently my eyes fell upon a little squirrel on the sidewalk, which seemed quite as much excited as the sparrows. If he ran along the street, the sparrows flew after him, if he stood still, the sparrows alighted, and faced him like a regiment of soldiers; if he scampered up the trunk of a tree, the sparrows collected in the branches above him, with a great chattering, until he ran down again, and then they followed him as before. The poor little fellow seemed fairly distracted, and I felt quite sorry for him. But then he was a thief. He had come down from the mountain at the back of the city to rob the sparrows' nests of their eggs, just like some Scottish Highland chief of old descending on the Lowlands to levy blackmail. What became of him I do not know, for after watching the encounter for ten or fifteen minutes I moved on. No doubt he

THE SPARROWS AND THEIR ENEMY.

was driven back to his mountain home a wiser and a better squirrel, having learned a lesson to content himself with vegetable diet, and not hanker after the luxuries of the city.

Many a country boy can draw a moral from this, if he chooses.

GALILEO IN THE CHURCH AT PISA.

One day Galileo, a young student of medicine at Pisa, saw the great bronze chandelier of the cathedral swing to and fro. He watched it carefully, and found that it moved regularly. It always came back to the same place. He thought he could imitate it, and suspended a weight to a string, and thus formed the first pendulum. His invention has never ceased to be of use to every one. The pendulum was attached to the works of a clock, and has from that moment continued the chief means of measuring time. It rules every family, directs the business of cities, and tells when to go to school and when school is out. The great clock in the City Hall and the clocks in all the steeples and towers are guided by Galileo's pendulum. The wooden clock we buy for two or three dollars, and the costly French clock that ticks on the mantel, owe their chief value to the invention of the young student. The pendulum, wherever it swings to and fro, seems to speak of Galileo.

He was born at Pisa in 1564, the same year with Shakespeare. His father was poor, and wished to apprentice him to the wool trade. But Galileo showed a strong love for mechanics and mathematics; he professed to study medicine at the University of Pisa, but was always busy with mechanical experiments. He worked incessantly with his tools and books, and produced a great number of inventions, more, perhaps, than any other man. From youth to extreme old age he was constantly in his workshop, and labored while others slept. One of his inventions was the thermometer, that measures the heat or cold of every land. It is used to mark the temperature of the highest mountains, and is plunged into the depths of the sea; tells the boiling point and the freezing point, and governs in the house and the factory.

At last, in 1609, Galileo invented the telescope. It had been thought of in Holland, but never brought to any perfection. Galileo caught up the idea, and produced the remarkable instrument that brings distant things near. Until that time no one had supposed men could see beyond a certain limit, and the sailor on the ocean and the travellers by land could look only a few miles before them. Galileo's first telescope was made of lead, small and imperfect, but it was polished and perfected with his wonderful skill and industry. It filled all Italy and Europe with an intense excitement. Men came in crowds to look through the first telescope. At Venice, where Galileo was staying, the merchants climbed to the top of the highest tower to see their ships far off on the water two hours before they could have been seen without the telescope. Galileo was enriched with honors and a large salary. He went to Florence, and was received with wonder and delight by great crowds of his countrymen.

Next came a still more startling discovery. Galileo turned his telescope to the skies, and saw things that had never before been witnessed by mortal eyes. The Milky Way dissolved into a bed of stars; Jupiter showed its four satellites, Saturn its rings; the moon seemed covered with mountains, seas, and rivers. The heavens seemed revealed to man, and Galileo soon after, startled by his own discoveries, published his "Message from the Stars." In this pamphlet he describes the wonders of the skies he was the first to see. It was read all over Europe, and the people and the princes heard with awe the account of the new heavens. Many persons denied that there was any truth in the narrative; it was looked upon as a kind of "Moon hoax" or "Gulliver's Travels;" some said it was an optical delusion, and Galileo was attacked by a thousand enemies.

His health was always delicate, and he was always kept poor and in debt by a worthless son and an idle brother. His life, so prosperous, ended in misfortune. His telescope proved to him that the world moved round the sun, and he ventured to say so. Unfortunately the Inquisition and nearly every one else believed that the sun moved round the earth. Galileo was forced to say that he was mistaken. He was tried at Rome, condemned, and obliged on his knees to confess his error, and during the last year of his life was kept a prisoner in his own house near Florence. He passed his time in constant work, studying the moon, and making instruments. At last he became blind. Here Milton visited him, and looked upon him with veneration. He died in 1642, and was buried privately in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

Galileo was of a pleasant countenance, always cheerful. His hair was of a reddish tinge, his eyes bright and sparkling until they became dimmed like Milton's. His figure was strong and well formed. It was said of him that no one had ever seen him idle. He was never weary of improving his telescope. The first one he made only magnified three times, a second eight times, and then he made one that magnified thirty times. It is the men who are never idle that help themselves and others. — *Harper's Young People.*

The Family Circle.

[For the MESSENGER.

WAITING AT THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.

Oh, Lord, give me a willing heart,
And make it all sincere;
To humbly choose the better part
And lend a listening ear.
To hear Thy precious Word and prove
Thy gracious promises and love.

I know this heart is sinful, Lord,
And needs to list to Thee;
Oh, open now Thy loving Word
And speak its power to me,
The blessing of Thy Spirit give
To teach the truth by which to live.

I know that nothing I can do,
Unless Thou speak to me
Out of Thy Word forever new,
Can teach my soul to see
Thou art the Way that Thou hast given
To lead our wandering souls to heaven.

THE WIFE'S WAGES.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages too! You pay Jane two dollars a week; surely I earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculously you talk! You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I furnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a little money for my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned I might as well be a slave. I can not buy a quart of berries, or a book, without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent.

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis mills, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you should start out to make your own living, you'd fetch up in the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls, they would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since have I envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much it would cost you to go without me a year? I know the girls have little left after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Watson supports herself and her mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them at Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome bead-work to sell, and, although I wanted some money so much, I had not a dollar. I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. arvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that wouldn't be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the county house yet if she doesn't look out. It's lucky that men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it."

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better! Look at Jerry and Milly Creg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wages go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village, wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself? Simply because he cannot get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed the day after his wages are paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here spends it as wisely as the average of men, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when the New Year comes? If she should get sick, how long could she pay for such care as you have!"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister money to buy new school books, and the warm loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question.

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good, but although you have often said that all your property was mine, I never could and can not now command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that, only last week, gave a poor, lame beggar five dollars to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could do no worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I can not spend a dollar without asking you for it, and telling you what I want it for. Any beggar can get it in the same way! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be very grateful for them. A shawl for me of the very color that I could not wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that were all broken up in a week. There were forty or fifty dollars of money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with two dollars a week you can not imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, it is your money, then. I understood you to say it was all mine, and intended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own, of course you have a right to spend it as you please, but it seems to me that a woman who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends, to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fifteen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, kind sir, please allow me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat and do not suffer for clothing, but although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger! The other day while he was from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berry woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him all about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in a good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman because my husband is rich, but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking about my helplessness that if it was not for my children I think I should just drop into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far-away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride, if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of the stingy kind—he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be independent of his purse. The idea of her earning money, as the other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her;" that was his idea of their relations! He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and his children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife! Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that if she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told her were all hers; for he knew, as every one else did, that not one dollar of all he had would the law allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window looking down at the little houses where the mill-hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slaves, whose labors had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro, who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject, at home and abroad, and wondered how any one could be so cruel and selfish as to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slaveholders! Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without even a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, such as he thought best for her. A little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his arm, saying "Let us go home, dear, tea must be waiting for us." He took off his hat in a dreamy way and they walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread.

It was not that of a fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mill years before, but at that moment he realized that it was far dearer to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was.

And a new thought came to him, "Who was comforting her now when she had so much care?" Was that not what he promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her while holding her in a bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her claims were far more binding than any which had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him. "I fear you are not well, Donald, or are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had shown him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written, but from that day forth a different man was the proprietor of Jarvis mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."—*Morning Star.*

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

During my early business life I used to frequent a library and reading-room, connected with which there was a little collection of curiosities. These were arranged in a few rows of neat glass cases, which contained many pretty specimens. Among other things there was quite a number of precious stones, topaz, emerald, garnet, etc.

Calling upon a friend one evening, I was introduced to a handsome lad, the orphan son of an old class-mate of mine, now visiting the city for the first time. Hoping to add to the pleasure of his visit I gave him a ticket of admission to our little museum. Shortly after the young man who had the care of these things was much annoyed by discovering that several of the prettiest stones had been abstracted through a breach in one of the glasses, and remarked that he thought he could tell the exact time when they were taken, and could very accurately describe the thief.

I desired to know on whom his suspicions had fallen, and was shocked to hear quite an

exact description of the little boy from the country, the son of my dear friend. That the son of Christian parents should be guilty of such an act of meanness and dishonesty seemed to me scarcely possible. I hoped the young man might be mistaken, and tried to drive the thought from my mind. The friends with whom Harry had spent his time had become so much interested in his welfare that they had consented to take him into their own family, when he should obtain a position in a store at the close of the next school year.

I felt that it would scarcely be right to mention the suspicion which had fallen upon him, yet would it not be wrong for me to allow these kind people to take a dishonest boy into their house? Then, as I had furnished the ticket of admission, was I not in a measure responsible for the loss, and should I not make some effort to recover the stolen articles? My mind was greatly disturbed. I prayed for guidance in the matter and concluded to wait quietly, especially as the pretty stones had been returned by mail.

Several months after, I was in need of a lad in my business, and mentioned the fact to the friends who had entertained Harry during his visit. They spoke of him as one in whom they had taken great interest, and for whom they were seeking just such a place in the city. Now, there seemed an opportunity for me to ascertain more certainly the character of the lad, that I might clear him from this suspicion if he was innocent. I wrote, telling of the position, and requesting an interview, desiring him to bring a written certificate vouching for his truth and honesty.

A few days after I recognized Harry as he was shown into my private office. He was a fine looking lad, but I missed the frank smile that had won me on our first acquaintance—it was the smile of his father, my old friend. Now Harry stood with eyes cast down, as I read the note from his grandmother, which he had just handed me. It stated that he was considered an especially truthful boy, and had never, on any occasion, been known to commit a dishonest action. After reading the paper some minutes, I slowly read this sentence, and gravely enquired: "Harry, is that assertion true?"

He promptly replied, "No, sir, but my grandma thought it was true." Then added with faltering voice, while his eyes filled with tears, "I had not the heart to grieve her so deeply, and Dr. Miller did not think it was necessary."

"Who is Dr. Miller," I enquired, "and what knowledge would so deeply grieve your kind friend?"

"That letter will tell you," he replied, pointing to one lying unopened on my desk.

It was from the doctor of the village, who had known Harry from his infancy, and enclosed a letter written by the boy, confessing the theft. Dazzled by the beauty of the stones, seeing them so exposed, he had been tempted to take them. One minute later he would have given his most valued possession for an opportunity to replace them, but the librarian seemed to be watching him. Terrified by thoughts of arrest and imprisonment, he hastened from the place, resolving to request the friends at whose house he was staying to return them, as he was to leave for home early the following day; his courage failed him. On the way home he was strongly tempted to throw them from the car-window. So great was his distress of mind, so terrible his burden of guilt, that his head ached, and when he found himself in the arms of his grandma, he gave way to his grief in sobs and tears, and could say with truth that he felt very ill.

The family physician and friend was called and at the first opportunity Harry revealed to him the cause of his distress, and the valuables were returned. It was not thought best to tell the old lady of his temptation and sad fall, but when my letter was received, Harry had himself proposed to make to me this confession.

After some conversation with the lad, I felt satisfied that this revelation of his weakness under temptation had led him to pray as he had never prayed before, for that strength which only God can give, and I believe that his prayers were answered.

Soon after he entered my employ and the following winter was received into the church.

I watched him many years, as he grew from the little office-boy to be the head of a large business firm, noted always for his strict integrity and honorable dealing, as well as for his humble dependence upon the Lord. This incident of his life taught him the constant need of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."—*Standard.*

WHAT JOSH NEWTON TAUGHT US.

BY W. I. CHASE.

When I went to school at the Brownville Academy, there was a scholar there by the name of Joshua Newton. He was a thick-set, muscular fellow, round headed, not much of a scholar, but a good hand at the bat; good-natured, but ready to fight if anybody wished to settle a dispute in that way. In short, he was just the sort of leader that school boys delight to follow. Nor was he a bad leader, for though not what you would call a Christian, he had a good deal of Christianity about him, combined with a rugged manliness which boys would do well to imitate.

I remember one good thing he did for the school the first week he was there. You see we had three schoolmates, whom we were very willing to get rid of. One was Frank Curfoot and he was, I think, a most contemptible specimen. He was a bully and a coward, and about as deceitful as he could live. He was rich, and always had plenty of spending money and perhaps this may account for the friendship for him of two of the younger boys, John Ford and Lucius Wilson. Before Curfoot had been in the school a month, we were all so disgusted with him that we got together and resolved to "send him to Coventry," that is not to speak to him, nor to have anything to do with him. And since his "toadies," Ford and Wilson, refused to join us, we sent them to Coventry, too.

Now, though I think we were right in trying to avoid Curfoot, because he was really so irritating that we could not keep our tempers and have anything to do with him, I do not think we had any right to send him to Coventry.

It was Josh Newton who taught me that, by the way. When he first came, he found us all set against the three "black sheep," as we called them, and as soon as we got acquainted, we explained matters and asked him to join in sending the reprobates to Coventry.

He refused. "I won't do anything of the kind, boys," he said decidedly. "I don't believe in it. Whatever Curfoot may be, he's got as good a right to all the friends he can make as any of you, and so have the others too. I'm not going to be drawn into anybody else's quarrel, and I'm not going to be a party to bilking this Curfoot out of any good fellowship that he may have the manners to win or the money to buy.

"You can send me to Coventry, if you like," he added, somewhat defiantly, "but I think you'll find that Josh Newton is old enough and big enough to stand on his own feet."

That broke up the Coventry business, for we could not ignore Newton. We never made friends with Curfoot, but we treated him better, and when he left at the end of the year, Ford and Wilson were taken into favor by the school.

What Josh Newton taught us was this: That, although, according to our schoolboy ethics, we had a right to feel as we chose toward Curfoot and to show our feeling, we had no right to agree to show spite that we did not feel. That we had no right to adopt another's quarrel, nor encourage others to share our spite.

This is a lesson which the world takes a good while to learn, and I wish there were more Josh Newtons to teach it to the schoolboys. Even though we choose to disregard Christ's command and hate our enemies, we have no right to hate other people's enemies, nor to encourage other people to hate ours. To do so is to add the sin of robbery to that of uncharitableness, for we rob other people, first by depriving them of our good opinion in adopting our friend's prejudice, and secondly, by depriving them of the friendship which they otherwise might win.—*Church and Home.*

BONES IN THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"There's a new girl in No. 6," exclaimed Mary Stevens, running unceremoniously, as was her wont, into the room of her very dear friend and classmate, Flora Williams, at "Glencove Seminary." "A new girl in No. 6, do you hear, my love? and her name is 'Axy,' Axy Phillips. Did you ever hear, or read, or think of the like of such a Christian name?"

"It is a Bible name," said Flora, smiling and pushing back her exercise-book. "Let me hear you spell it."

"A-x-y, of course, or possibly, A-x-i-e. What other combination of elementaries could give the unique whole?"

"You are mistaken, dear. A-c-h-s-a-h is the proper orthography. Don't you remember the pretty little story of Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, and her wedding present? It is given in Joshua and also, in the recapitulation of that book, in the first chapter of Judges. Achsah is a Hebrew word, and signifies anklet. There is but one person of this name mentioned in the Scriptures, and only in the connection I have indicated, I think."

"Oh, dear, me," said Mary; "what a queer girl you are to know so much about the Bible! I have never read it much and what little I have read didn't do me any good, I'm afraid, for I was all the time coming upon something that I did not understand. So I gave it up, thinking I would wait until I came to be older before I tried to read it."

"I have read the entire Bible through by course five times," said Flora, "and that isn't much for a girl of eighteen, for all you look so surprised, when you consider the fact that if you read two chapters every morning and seven extra chapters every Sunday, you will have the Bible read through in less than a year.

"It is merely nothing when compared with the miscellaneous, and often useless, reading all of us girls go through with every year. Of course, all Christian people read their Bibles every day, and it is well to have some system about it. This year I am reading my Bible by 'topic.' Father gave me a Teacher's Bible with maps, proper names, chronologies, concordance, &c., in a beautiful binding, for a New Year's present last vacation. By the help of the concordance I am looking out all the passages about hope, faith, the promises, &c. I find it very interesting, and a means of great good to me, withal, I trust. Next year I hope to take up the different characters in the Bible. I wish I could have the Bible on my tongue's end, as they say."

"Yes, it would be nice," replied Mary. "I have heard some one say, or read it somewhere, that any person who possesses a thorough knowledge of the Bible may be truthfully called 'cultivated.' But I am afraid I shall never possess that kind of culture, because, you see, were I to begin to read the Bible through by course, I should come plump upon same puzzling thing in the very first chapter that I couldn't think out, and that would discourage me utterly."

"I used to be troubled that way," said Flora, "and one day I said something about it to my grandmother. What she then told me helped me bravely over that difficulty. She told me that when she was a school-girl she heard an old minister, who was fond of making homely, practical illustrations, say that reading the Bible was like eating fish. That when he came to a hard place he left it and called it a bone. When he read the Bible in that way he found plenty of good, nourishing meat, and never had occasion to choke over the bones. That the older he grew, the less bones he found, until, when he came to be an old man, with silvery hair, the book that he used to find so full of bones as a Connecticut River shad, was like a halibut with only the one big bone in it of God's incomprehensibility, and that was in such plain sight that no one could stumble over it, and grandly served its purpose as a strong framework to keep the sweet, white, nutritious meat in place."

"Thank you," said Mary, stooping to kiss the radiant face of her friend. "I will go back to my room now and dust my pretty red Bible that my mother gave me when I left home, and begin to read it on the old minister's principle. I shall stick to it, this time, you see if I don't."

Mary was as good as her word, and since that time in her capacity of pupil, of teacher of both day and Sunday-schools, she has often pointed out this method of Bible reading, and said, "I think the aged minister's experience would be beneficial to many a conscientious seeker after divine truth, for, with the correlatives of a prayerful spirit and a susceptible heart, I find fewer 'hard places' in the Bible year by year, and more of simplicity and sweetness, beauty and sublimity, incentives to hope and trust and a pervading, abiding comfort, all combining to lead us poor, sin-inclined mortals in the way of life."—*Watchman.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

253. Who was king of Judah at the time when Sennacherib king of Assyria came up against it?
254. How was Sennacherib defeated?
255. What was the end of Sennacherib?
256. Who, when asked to tell his age, said, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," and what was his age?
257. How old was Moses when he died?
258. Of whom was it said that there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto him, whom the Lord knew face to face?
259. When the Israelites entered the promised land, which of the tribes settled on the east side of the Jordan?
260. What was the name of the woman who concealed the spies in her house when they came to spy out the land about Jericho?
261. To what nation did Goliath belong?
262. How did it come that Christ during his life on earth was in Egypt?
263. How long did they remain there?
264. When they came from Egypt, why did they not return to Bethlehem?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. What prophet wrote in sweet melodious strain
   The coming glories of Messiah's reign?
2. A man alone of all the human race
   Who spake with God his Maker face to face.
3. A woman by the Saviour well approved,
   All of the household, too, by Him beloved.
4. In Asa's reign, who urged the king to free
   His realm from sinful, vile idolatry?
5. Who did her idol gods and country leave,
   And to her husband's mother fondly cleave?
6. A man instructed from his early youth
   In Holy Scripture and in gospel truth.
7. The patriarch in whom, it is confessed,
   "Shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."
8. Whose noble uncle plead with God in vain
   To spare the guilty cities of the plain,
   Though he was rescued from the impending doom
   Which sank those cities in a fiery tomb?
9. Who when a child was banished from his home
   With his mother in a wilderness to roam?
10. The disciples say, "We have seen our risen Lord!"
    Who, doubting still, would not believe their word?"
11. For last, my Bible I have searched in vain,
    Nor name of place or person can obtain;
    Letter for word, then, I must leave intact;
    Search, puzzlers, all, and prove my word a fact.

These initials compose a word denoting a precious boon vouchsafed to humanity through the gospel of Christ.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 20

229. At Rephidim. Ex. xvii. 8.
230. At Mount Sinai. Ex. xviii. 5.
231. Made and worshipped the golden calf. Ex. xxxii. 1, 6.
232. Three thousand. Ex. xxxii. 28.
233. When they were encamped in Gilgal. Joshua v. 11, 12.
234. Ai. Joshua vii. 2.
235. Because of Achan's sin. Joshua vii. 10, 26.
236. Deborah. Judges iv. 4.
237. By Jabin, king of Canaan. Judges iv. 2.
238. The song of the women when he returned from slaying Goliath. 1 Sam. xviii. 6, 8.
239. Nathanael. John i. 46.
240. Phillip, Andrew and Peter. John 1. 44.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Padan-aram. 2, Hackilah. 3. Iconium. 4, Lystra. 5, Antipatris. 6, Derbe. 7, Ephesus. 8, Laodicea. 9, Philippi. 10. Hebrews. 11, Illyricum. 12, Areopagus.—*Philadelphia.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 19.—Edward B. Craig, 12 ac; Barbara Bannerman, 12; John Leask, 12; Rebecca Jestin, 11 ac; Lizzie Christie, 11; Annie M. Steele, 9 ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XII.

Dec. 18.]

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: we have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens.—HEB. 8:1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ ever liveth as our prophet, priest and king.

INTRODUCTORY.

QUESTIONS ON THE BOOKS WE STUDIED:

What books compose the Pentateuch? By whom were they written? Of what does Genesis mainly treat? Out of which were this Quarter's lessons taken? How many lessons out of each? What is the meaning of "Exodus"? Of what does it mainly treat? Why was the third book called "Leviticus"? What is the general difference between its contents and those of Deuteronomy? From what did "Numbers" receive its name? What are its main contents? What does "Deuteronomy" mean? When was it written? About how many years do this Quarter's lessons cover? How long was Israel in Sinai?

The following outline, in reviewing what has been studied, may be adopted:

Israel { Their Sacred Service ... Holy Seasons ... Last Year } In the Wilderness.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

I. ON THE SACRED SERVICE, LESSONS I. TO V.

In what kind of building did Israel worship? Who had planned the Tabernacle? Where had Moses received the directions? Who was Moses? Who was to be High Priest? Who the other Priests? Whence were the means derived for building the Tabernacle? Who contributed and how? What does this teach us? Who were the two chief architects? What was each one's special work? What was the Court of the Tabernacle? How was it formed? What was the "Tent of meeting"? Why so called? Its dimensions? What was the Tabernacle proper? Of what were its sides? Its roof? What was the Most Holy Place? Its dimensions? What was kept in it? On what day only was it entered? By whom only? What was the ark? Its dimensions? What was the Mercy Seat? What three articles of furniture were kept in the Holy Place? Describe each? What was the Brazen Altar? Its size? Its location? Its use? What was the Laver? Its use? Describe the usual dress of the priests? Of the High Priest? What two kinds of offerings were ordained in the Tabernacle service? What three classes of animal offerings were there? What animals only could be used? About which offerings did two of our lessons specially treat? What was the difference between the two? Of what were these offerings the type? What offering is still required of us? Name Aaron's sons? What sin did two of them commit? On what occasion? How were they punished? What may we learn from this?

II. ON THE HOLY SEASONS, LESSONS VI. TO VIII.

What were the three "Great Festivals" of Israel? Of which of these did we study this Quarter? What solemn day came five days before it? In what month? What was its general character? Its purpose? What ceremony was performed in the Most Holy Place? What was the meaning of the scapegoat? What was the symbolical significance of the whole day and its services? Are you cleansed? How? How long did the Feast of Tabernacles last? What was its character and purpose? From what did it derive its name? What kind of offerings were made? What was the purpose of the booths? Of what does it teach us the duty? What was a "sabbatic year"? What was celebrated at the end of every seventh sabbatic year? What was done then? How was justice maintained in purchases, &c.? Of what was it a type? What is the condition upon which its fulfilment depends.

III. ON THE LAST YEAR IN THE WILDERNESS, LESSONS IX. TO XI.

Describe Israel's route from Mt. Sinai to Mt. Hor. Where was the desert of Sin? Why did they have to pass through the desert? About what did they murmur? How were they punished? How cured? On what conditions? Of what was this the type? From what must we be cured? How? What was Israel's route from Mt. Hor to Moab? Why was Balaam sent for? By whom? What was Balaam? From where? What was his character? What may we learn from it and his history? What did he foretell about Moab? About Israel? In whom was his prophecy fulfilled? Where and how and when did Aaron die? What was Moses' last command? Where was Israel at the time? Where did Moses die? What pleasure was denied him? Why? What blessing and honor were granted him? Give a sketch of his life? Who succeeded him? What do we learn from Moses' life? From his last command? From his death? What was Joshua's character?

ON THE GOLDEN TEXTS.

What duty do we learn from the Golden Text of Lesson I.? What is the Golden Text taken from the lesson to which it belongs? The one that explains Balaam's character? The one that tells in whom the typical sacrifices of the Old Testament are fulfilled? Name the texts which enforce the duty of calling to mind God's blessings and of giving him thanks? Those? Who wrote the one that tells us in whom our atonement is fulfilled? What is the one that gives the command which Aaron's two sons disobeyed? Which one did Christ speak? Which one refers to the year of Jubilee? What is the one that sums up the teachings of Moses' life? From what eight books are the Golden Texts of the Quarter taken?

LESSON XIII.

THE BABE AND THE KING.

Dec. 25.]

Isa. 9:6, 7.

6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

7. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it, with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a king shall reign and prosper.—JER. 23:5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—He must increase.

INTRODUCTORY.—The Book of Isaiah contains the revelations made by God concerning Judea and includes the fullest and clearest predictions of the person and work of the Messiah anywhere found in the Old Testament. They were made during the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, probably between the years B.C. 762 and 698.

NOTE.—DAVID, "beloved," youngest son of Jesse of the tribe of Judah, was born at Bethlehem in B.C. 1085. Anointed king of Israel by Samuel in obedience to God's command, after various adventures he reigned seven and a half years over Judah; and afterward 33 years over the united Kingdom of Israel, until his death B.C. 1015. Solomon, his son, succeeded him and built the temple at Jerusalem, which David had planned and prepared for. He was the type and most illustrious ancestor of Christ; a wise and powerful king, a devout and God-fearing man; and a fervent and prophetic writer and singer of Psalms.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE CHRIST. (II.) HIS KINGDOM.

I. THE CHRIST.—(6.) FOR, the following is the reason of, and explains, the fulfilment of the preceding; UNTO US, or for us, for our benefit. Christ left his glory and became a man, a feeble infant, A CHILD, "a male child" (LA SON, of God and man; IS GIVEN, the free, undeserved gift of God, JNO. 3:16; ROM. 8:32; GOVERNMENT, kingly rule, MARG. 28:18; UPON HIS SHOULDER, i.e., shall be borne by him; NAME SHALL BE CALLED, i.e., he shall be; WONDERFUL, or wonder, marvel, miracle. Christ was the miracle of miracles, from his wonderful birth to his marvellous death, resurrection and ascension; COUNSELLOR, one who devises and gives counsel; MIGHTY GOD, distinct from, yet one with, God the Omnipotent; EVERLASTING FATHER, Father of eternity, yet Son of God and born of a woman; PRINCE OF PEACE, or peaceful prince, not like earthly kings ruling by the sword and violence of war.

II. HIS KINGDOM.—(7.) OF THE INCREASE, to the increase; OF PEACE, to peace; THERE SHALL BE NO END, there is no limit. Christ's peaceful reign will spread over the whole world, Eph. 1:21-23. This is being verified in history; UPON THE THRONE OF DAVID, see Notes; TO ORDER IT AND ESTABLISH IT, and establish it; ESTABLISH IT, on an everlasting foundation: WITH JUDGMENT, with right punishment of the evil; JUSTICE, righteousness, these are the means of establishing the kingdom; FROM HENCEFORTH, from the time when Christ should begin to reign; ZEAL, "jealousy," God's love for man is so great that he will not allow them to wander or be drawn away from him.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) God became a little child, that children might understand and love him.
(2.) Christ's reign is not one of force, but of love.
(3.) Obey him as a Counsellor, love and trust him as a father; be a loyal subject to him as a King.
(4.) As his subjects we must do our part in advancing his kingdom.
(5.) Be not discouraged; God will surely fulfil his loving purposes.
(6.) His work, and therefore our work on his behalf, will prosper and last forever.
(7.) Is Christ born for you? Are you a subject of his kingdom?

1882.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS.

The price of the WEEKLY WITNESS will remain as of old—$1.10.

For a year beginning with November 1st every person who subscribes to the WEEKLY WITNESS and pays $1.10 therefor will receive either of two splendid steel engravings, reproduced by the same process as "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," of which we sent over fourteen thousand copies to subscribers last year.

[One of these pictures is a reproduction of a steel engraving of "The Roll Call," the original painting of which was purchased by Her Majesty the Queen from the young artist, Miss Elizabeth Thompson. When this painting was first exhibited at the Royal Academy, the hall in which it was shown was not large enough to contain the immense concourse of people who gathered to see it, such as it never has been the lot of any painting to draw out. It was visited day after day by thousands of people from all parts of the Kingdom, and the nation hailed its purchase by Her Majesty as an honor befitting this wonderful composition. In fact no picture in England ever was received with such enthusiasm and honor as this. It represents the roll call of the Grenadier Guards after their repulse of the morning attack of the Russians on the slopes of Inkerman. About six o'clock on the morning of the 5th November, 1854, the Russians, who had marched westward from Sebastopol, along the southern shore of the harbor, their movements being concealed by the darkness and a thick, drizzling rain, appeared crowding up the slopes of the plateau to the south, on which the allies were posted. Here a handful of men, about 1,400 strong, a portion of the Queen's "Household Guards," made a heroic stand for six consecutive hours against a body of Russians that was probably ten times as numerous. Reinforcements, both English and French, coming up to the rescue, the Russians were finally driven from the field. The picture, which is 16x22 inches, represents the calling of the roll of the skeleton of the regiment after the heroic defence. The Guards subsequently came to Canada and were received as their gallant record deserved. The second engraving, which is in size and shape a counterpart of "The Roll Call," is "Quatre Bras," or the first stroke of Waterloo. On June 16th, 1815, Napoleon, determined to crush the allied troops before their junction, engaged Blucher at Ligny and the Anglo-Netherland forces at Quatre Bras. The Prussians were defeated, but the British-Hanoverian forces held their ground. Although without artillery they formed square and were pelted hour after hour by the well-served guns of the French, and repulsed attack after attack, each more furious than the other, of Ney's that rushed on them from all sides like a whirlwind. But the gallant defenders of the position remained firm as if rooted to the ground, the only movement being the closing up of gaps made in the squares by the destructive hail of iron and lead. At last came reinforcements, then night, then the retreat to Mont Saint Jean, and from 11 a.m. till night and all through the night of the 18th the battle and rout of Waterloo. This picture represents one of the squares of British infantry repulsing the terrific onslaught of Ney's Cuirassiers. The two form a pair of equal size. The other picture is somewhat larger, and is well known to our readers already.]

Any subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, who sends us a new subscription, will receive the second of the pair of battle pictures, and the new subscriber so obtained, as intimated above, will have his choice of one of these celebrated pictures.

Any subscriber not in a position to obtain the second by adding to the circulation of the WITNESS may do so by sending us 25c. in addition to his subscription, or $1.35 for the WEEKLY WITNESS for a year and the pair of pictures.

These battle pictures, as far as we are aware, cannot be purchased in America at less than one dollar each, and in England in any shape whatever at less than twenty dollars each.

Any person who may desire to substitute our last year's premium, "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," for either of the battle pictures in return for obtaining a new subscriber may do so, or this picture, if desired, will be sent as a premium for obtaining a second new subscriber. For a third new subscriber sent by the same old subscriber, we shall send a superb likeness of the poet Burns.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE MESSENGER.

Any person sending three new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30 cents each will be entitled to "The Roll Call," or "Quatre Bras," as may be chosen, and any person who sends six new subscriptions at 30 cents each will be entitled to the pair of pictures. We will endeavor this year to make the MESSENGER a greater favorite than ever and have every confidence that our readers will assist us in this.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

PRIZES, PRIZES.

We are preparing a list of prizes that we are sure will prove attractive to our young workers. It will not be published in full in the MESSENGER. Will our young workers send for a copy?

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy,	30 cents
10 copies	$ 2 50
25 copies	6 00
50 copies	11 50
100 copies	22 00
1,000 copies	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS $3.00 a year post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

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TOTAL ABSTINENCE and TOBACCO PLEDGE cards will be sent to any address in Canada for $3.00 a hundred. A sample sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk.—Sold only in packets and tins (½lb and 1lb) labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

A GREAT CENT'S WORTH.

FROM 10 to 100 sample copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION (assorted numbers) will be sent free to any Sunday-school making application through one of its officials by Postal Card, or in other manner; the number to be asked for corresponding to the number of families in the school.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

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